

HAILED TO FORGET MOTT'S CRUELTY.

The Journal Strives to Make
Poor Mrs. Sommers
Comfortable.

SENDS A DOCTOR AND FOOD

She Is Broken Down in Health
as the Result of Being Sent
to the Workhouse.

LIKE A HORRIBLE DREAM.

But Now Her Rent Is Paid, and Kind
Friends Who Have Read of Her
Sad Case Will Be Kind
and Attentive.

Mrs. Lizzie Sommers, the victim of Magistrate Mott's injustice, was made happy and comfortable yesterday.

The two little, dingy rooms in the rear tenement house, at No. 230 West Thirty-third street, which she calls home, were made bright and cheerful, and plenty took the place which until then had been occupied by want.

The Journal sent her a physician, paid her rent and provided her with food, fuel and medicine, and brought hope and peace to the poor, sick woman whose condition has been so pitiable since she was arrested on a vile charge and railroaded to the workhouse on Blackwell's Island.

Sick she indeed is. Dr. C. J. MacGuire, of No. 120 East Sixtieth street, who visited her at the Journal's request, says she is in a very nervous condition and is suffering from a nervous disease, which shows itself in involuntary jerking of the muscles, which may be accounted for by her recent unhappy experiences.

She has become very dependent and fearful and the slightest noise startles her. A footstep on the stairs frightens her and every knock at the door brings alarm. She thinks some one has come to take her away; that some policeman will arrest her again. A wild, startled look comes into her eyes, and this only when she finds her fears have been groundless, that she lapses into her former apathetic state.

She looked dazed when the grocer and the butcher arrived with buckets of food

A DOCTOR'S VIEW OF MRS. SOMMERS.

Her Body Emaciated, Her Manner Excited, Her Looks
Frightened, and Dr. MacGuire Says She is
Afflicted With Chorea.

Editor New York Journal:

I have, as requested, made an examination this day of Mrs. Sommers, No. 230 West Thirty-third street, and find the following to be her condition: Her body is very much emaciated, and I believe caused by insufficient food; her manner is excited, restless, with scared, frightened look. She has chorea or nervous, involuntary jerking of her muscles, which might be occasioned by her recent unhappy experience.

C. J. MACGUIRE, M. D.

yesterday, and as package after package was laid on the table of the little room which does for parlor, dining room and kitchen. It was hard for her to believe that all these blessings could be for her; that she was to have a fire in the stove, she had been so plucked with cold in the workhouse.

It was only on Saturday morning that a big chunk of coarse bread and a tin cup of some mixture which passes for coffee had been her breakfast.

Her Gratitude Was Touching.

"Oh, I don't know what to say to the Journal, it has been so generous to me!" she exclaimed. "If I could only show all the gratitude there is in my heart, you would understand. I ask myself, was it a dream, a hideous nightmare, and if it really is true that I have been behind prison bars."



Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, the New Revivalist.

Evangelist Moody has a worthy successor in the leadership of the Cooper Union noon meetings in the pastor of the Bethany Methodist Church, of Philadelphia. Dr. Chapman's style of delivery is less vehement than that of the great evangelist, but the effect of his exhortations is none the less strong. He holds the attention of his audience throughout his sermon, and it is believed he will accomplish as much in the work of revival as his predecessor.

Tears were coursing down her cheeks, flushed with excitement, and she clung to an old rocking chair for support.

"It's no use," she cried, dropping into it, "I want to work, but I feel so weak that the least thing tires me."

She had been trying to stow the provisions away in the dresser.

"I am ashamed of my untidy place, but I haven't a bit of strength. I try to forget all that occurred, but it seems to have eaten right into my brain, and I can't shake off the thought of the prison and the curses and the cold and that ride to the boat, with the woman who had been fifteen times to the Island! Sometimes I think I can still feel that cold shower bath, chilling me to the marrow, and hear the oaths



of the outcasts and drunkards in the jail at Yorkville Police Court! And I look at my poor dress, and I can only see the prison clothes!

"Every mouthful I eat seems to choke me, and I still taste that black stuff they call coffee over at the workhouse. It tastes like licorice and chicle boiled together. 'Drink it, it will warm you up,' the prisoners told me, but if I had to die I couldn't swallow a drop of it!"

"It was only this morning I said to my husband that I longed for a cup of real coffee, and to think of it, I can have all I want now! Oh, I can't find words to thank the Journal for its goodness to me!"

Mrs. Sommers crept slowly toward the

Her eyes are sunken, and deep furrows, shadows of privation, trace sad lines around her pinched nose and bluish lips.

"This means everything to me," she said, fingering the receipt for the rent. "The Journal has done too much already, but this"

A rap at the door and the Doctor entered. He had come at the Journal's request, and his bright, cheery face brought additional hope to the sick woman. He ordered medicines and nourishment and kummys at frequent intervals, and said she must have rest and quiet and try to put unpleasant thoughts out of her mind. He will visit her again to-day, and everything that skill and care can accomplish will be done for her.

Another rap at the door.

"Does Mrs. Sommers live here?" asked a pretty little woman.

"I read about your troubles in the Journal," she said, addressing the sick woman,



Mrs. Lizzie Sommers Given Food and Medical Help by the Journal.

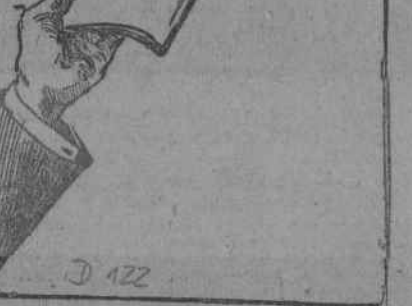
"so I thought I would come over to see you." When she left she handed Mr. Sommers her card and told him if he would call at her house every day he should have soup and bread and butter for himself and

"Why, Miss," she said, turning to a Journal woman, "Hugh and I have often compared ourselves to princes and dukes, even when we only had a bit of stale bread and some water, but now we are happier than kings and queens!"

Mr. Sommers had made a blinding fire in the old stove, and his wife stretched her hands before it, enjoying its warmth.

"I nearly froze on the Island. I was in a cell with three other women, and we hadn't room to move about. I sat on a bench wrapped up in a blanket all the time."

The tears started anew, and her poor, emaciated body shook with sobs and emotion. She is nothing but skin and bones.



wife. "My cook makes delicious soup, and I know your wife will enjoy it."

RESIGNED BECAUSE OF COLD.

Policeman Smith Couldn't Stand the Weather on the Bridge

Bridge Policeman John J. Smith went up to his superior, Captain Ward, yesterday afternoon, and proffering his badge, said: "I resign."

"What for?" asked the astonished Captain. A policeman offering his resignation was a novelty.

"Oh, because," said Policeman Smith, and he walked to his home. He lives on the top floor, at No. 16 Trinity place, with his widowed mother and brother. Mrs. Smith said last night that life on the Brooklyn Bridge for a policeman meant death in the end. The winter winds cut through and through, and night duty, which her son did half the time, was very wearing. It took more quinine than his system could absorb to keep the cold out of him.

"I'd rather be out of a job and alive," said the mother, "than keep at work and be brought home to me a corpse some night."

FORFEITED THE FRANCHISE.

Long Island Electric Road Delayed Work and Supervisors Acted.

The Queens County Board of Supervisors at a meeting held in Long Island City yesterday resolved to dispose of the franchise granted last summer to the Long Island electric road to construct a trolley line from Jamaica to Hempstead over the line of the Jamaica and Hempstead plank road. Bids will be opened at the rooms of the board on January 23.

The franchise about to be sold occasioned the late Amos Corbin a great deal of worry and anxiety at the time it was granted. The company, however, failed to lay their tracks over the section between Jamaica and Queens within the specified time.

The Long Island Electric Company have completed the road between Brooklyn and Jamaica, and it is already in operation.

"THE HOUR FOR CLEAN CHURCHES."

It Has Come, Says the Brilliant Successor to
Moody.

DR. CHAPMAN, EVANGELIST.

Quieter in Manner Than the
Great Exhorter, but Equal
in Power.

DIXON PRAISES THE JOURNAL.

The Brooklyn Pastor Says the Reports
of the Meetings Have Brought
Many Requests for
Prayers.

Moody's place at the Cooper Union noon-day revival meetings is being filled by the Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, pastor of the



Bethany Methodist Church, of Philadelphia. Great as is the religious fervor the former is able to arouse in his hearers, it hardly exceeds that wrought by the wonderful magnetism of the Philadelphia divine. Yet no two men could be more dissimilar in personality and style of delivery.

Dr. Chapman is a man of refined features. His garments are well fitting and uncluttered. While speaking his manner is much quieter than that of the great evangelist, which fact only serves to accentuate the force of every word he utters. He is every bit as enthusiastic as Moody, and sways his hearers seemingly at will.

The audience is prone to be indifferent when he begins to speak, for there is a certain awkwardness rather than ease in his manner. After the first opening sentences, however, this is entirely forgotten. Quietly, directly, with the ring of conviction in his voice, and a clear enunciation, which carries every word to the remotest limits of the hall, the evangelist leads his listeners from one point of argument to another. Then a sudden burst of oratory, coupled with fervid enthusiasm, will carry them on with him until a wave of sympathy vibrates through every one present.

Holy Spirit Like a Dove.

Yesterday noon Dr. Chapman took for his text the thirtieth verse of the fourth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, beginning with the words, "And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God." He dwelt upon the fact of how easily the Holy Spirit could be grieved, and compared it with a dove that trembles when the feather of a vulture is waved before it, but yet can never be grieved entirely away from us. An idea of the simplicity of his metaphors may be gained from the following:

"Drop a knife from your hand and it will fall to the ground, but if a strong magnet is placed above the fall will be prevented and the harm-dealing blade will be stayed. The Holy Spirit is the all-powerful magnet that, if accepted, holds fast our lives and keeps us close to God."

In the afternoon Dr. Chapman conducted a service at the Hanson Place Baptist Church, in Brooklyn, of which Rev. Dr. A. C. Dixon is pastor. His text was a part of the first verse of the seventh chapter of the Gospel of St. John: "The hour has come. This, he said, was part of the Lord's Prayer, or the prayer of our Saviour, the so-called Lord's Prayer having been meant for the use of the disciples.

"I glorify the Lord," said Dr. Chapman, "not for what I am, but for what I am going to be. You must glorify the Lord not for what you are, but for what you are going to be. The hour has come, glorify the Lord! Glorify Him for the victories that must be achieved. Him for the 'one hundred souls that will be saved in this city before the week is out!'"

"Some people think that the churches are organized to save souls. Nothing of the kind. The best they can do is to show the way to salvation. The time has come for those who have been called to cry out in anguish against the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and yet we can glorify God for the true goodness of the many good in this city."

"The hour has come for us to have clean churches, fine choirs and grand organs, and full treasuries don't mean clean churches. The hour has come for us to consecrate ourselves to the Lord."

"Dixon Praises the Journal."

"The great metropolitan daily papers show us how much sin there is in the

world, but let us praise God because all that is good is getting better."

"God has never suffered a defeat, and He never will. The world will be redeemed. The hour has come for a great outpouring of the Holy Ghost, a grand revival that will spread over the entire world."

Rev. A. C. Dixon, who is in charge of the meetings at Cooper Union, exhibited a bundle of letters which, he said, were requests for prayers, some coming from as far as Texas. "I consider this," he added, "largely due to the Journal's very complete reports of our meetings."

DIED ALMOST A PAUPER.

Thomas Hendricks, Once a Wall Street Broker, Saved from Potter's Field by a Nephew.

Chicago, Jan. 12.—Thomas Hendricks, seventy years old, who died at the County Hospital on December 31, has been saved from a pauper's grave by his nephew, L. M. Fletcher, of San Francisco. Thirty years ago Hendricks was a broker in Wall Street. He was a daring speculator, but met with reverses and became estranged from his family.

Twenty years ago he came to Chicago, and had lived here ever since. He took to drink, and for many years experienced the bitter side of life. He was proud, however, and would not accept charity, but worked at anything he could get to do. A man who knew something of Hendricks' history called upon Undertaker Rolston a few days ago and told him the dead man had a nephew in San Francisco. This relative was L. M. Fletcher, general Pacific coast freight agent of the Missouri Pacific Railway, who was asked by telegraph regarding the disposition of the body



of his uncle, and he replied that he wished his uncle to have a decent burial, and he would defray the expense.

Mr. Hendricks was born in Vermont and belonged to one of the best families in that State. He leaves a widow, three daughters and one son in Boston. Mrs. Hendricks and one of her daughters are traveling in Europe.

Mrs. Ramsey Gets Her Divorce.

Peoria, O., Jan. 12.—Alfred L. B. Ramsey, a member of the New York Livingston and Van Buren families and a cousin of William B. Morrison, of Illinois, was to-day finally divorced from Dr. E. S. Ramsey, of Chicago and Kansas City, after a year's trial. Dr. Ramsey is a brother of B. N. Ramsey, the defaulting State Treasurer of Illinois.

MUNYON FACTS.

People in All Walks of
Life Cured by His
Remedies.

MR. JOHN V. AMES

Has Tested Them in His
Family; Always with the
Best Results.

HERE IS HIS STORY

Mr. John V. Ames, 678 Greenwich street, New York City, says: "During the past three years I have tested Munyon's Remedies very thoroughly, by using them in the family for coughs, colds, rheumatism, neuralgia, blood troubles, heart, kidney and bladder troubles, nervousness, biliousness, indigestion and catarrh. I have always found that they are prompt in giving relief and effect complete cures."

TWO BOTTLES CURED HIM.

Abraham L. Stephens, 248 West Forty-ninth street, New York City, says: "I was greatly afflicted by rheumatism, which sometimes attacked me so severely that I suffered torture with the stiffness and soreness. After trying numerous remedies without success I was completely cured by two bottles of Munyon's Rheumatism Cure."

MUNYON'S OFFICE.

7 EAST 14TH ST.
Munyon's Remedies at all druggists; mostly 25 cents a bottle.

Eminent doctors at your service free. If you have Catarrh or any Urinary, Lung Complaint, call and receive a free trial treatment. We positively cure Catarrh.

Personal letters answered with free medical advice for any disease.

Open daily until 6 p. m.; Tu. days and Fridays until 8 p. m.; Sundays, 10 to 11 a. m.

STRUCK MRS. TOM RI JON.

The Woman, Whose Male Attire Gained Her Notoriety Years Ago, Assaulted by a Newark Ruffian.

The Newark police are looking for several ruffians who, on Monday evening, assaulted Mrs. Tom Ri Jon, of Talmage, of Bayonne, who travels in male attire selling perfumes. One of the gang insulted her on South Orange avenue, Newark, and, when she resented it, struck her in the eye, cutting it and knocking her down. The wound was dressed in a drug store.

After the assault, the fellows fled in the direction of the canal, and it is believed they are members of the township gang.

Mrs. Tom Ri Jon, who, years ago, when she first began to wear male attire, gained considerable notoriety, supports an invalid husband and several children. It is claimed she has a permit from the United States Government to ply her trade in male attire. She is never molested by the police, and it is the first time that she has been attacked.

THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

HOME LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY,

256 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

JANUARY 1st, 1897.

INCOME, 1896.		DISBURSEMENTS, 1896.	
From Premiums.....	\$1,628,601.18	Paid Losses by Death, Endowments and Annuities.....	\$780,248.07
"Interest, Rents, etc.....	425,879.54	Dividends to Policyholders and Surrender Values.....	362,704.22
Total Income.....	\$2,054,540.72	All other Disbursements, Expenses, etc.....	564,011.11
		Total Disbursements....	\$1,705,963.40

ASSETS.

Real Estate, including Company's Building.....	\$1,001,647.32	Reserve on Policies.....	\$7,858,283.00
Bonds and Mortgages, first liens.....	2,607,447.52	*Reserve on Deferred Dividends.....	372,023.00
Bonds and Stocks owned....	\$3,515,961.67	Total as per Certificate of the New York Insurance Department, 4 per cent.....	\$8,231,206.00
Collateral Loans.....	79,400.00	All other liabilities, including losses by death in process of payment; Dividends to Policyholders not yet due.....	117,904.57
Loans to Policyholders on Company's Policies assigned as Collateral Security.....	351,601.23	Total Liabilities.....	\$8,349,112.57
Premium Loans on Policies in force.....	480,911.05	Surplus.....	1,035,744.85
Cash deposited in Banks and Trust Companies.....	170,055.33		
All other Assets.....	457,833.30		
Total Assets admitted by the New York Insurance Department.....	\$9,384,557.42		\$9,384,557.42

*It is not the general practice of Life Insurance Companies to treat this item as a liability.

An exhaustive examination of the Company's financial condition as of December 31, 1895, has just been completed by the Insurance Department of the State of New York, and the report of Hon. James F. Pierce, Superintendent, is as follows:

"Albany, December 15, 1896.

"I have had submitted to me the report of the examiner of the department on an examination of the condition and affairs of the Home Life Insurance Company of New York, together with report of the Hon. Michael Coleman of the appraisal of the property owned by or mortgaged to the Company.

"The examination was a verification of the Company's annual statement made to the Department for year ending December 31st, 1895, and almost a literal verification of the Company's figures was found. The report shows conclusively that the management of the Company is satisfactory and for the best interests of the policyholders."

GEORGE E. IDE, President.

WM. M. ST. JOHN, Vice-Pres.

Ellis W. Gladwin, Secretary, Wm. A. Marshall, Actuary.

F. W. Chapin, Medical Director, Wm. G. Low, Counsel.

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